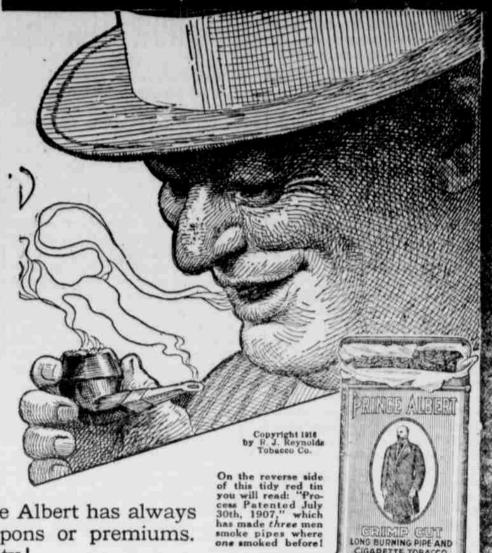
Such tobacco enjoyment

as you never thought could be is yours to command quick as you buy some Prince Albert and fire-up a pipe or a home-made cigarette!

Prince Albert gives you every tobacco satisfaction your smokeappetite ever hankered for. That's because it's made by a patented process that cuts out

bite and parch! Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!



RINGE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

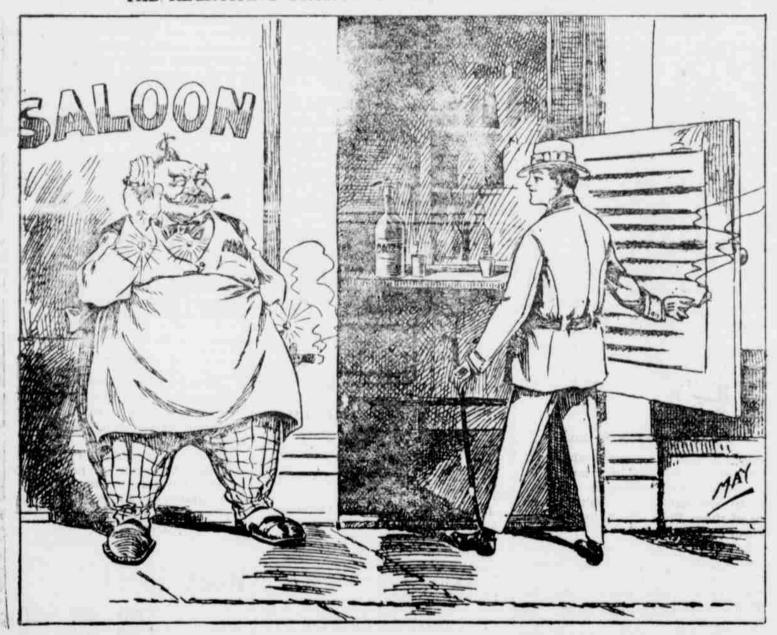
has a flavor as different as it is delightful. You never tasted the like of it! And that isn't strange, either.

Buy Prince Albert every-where tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors-and-that corking fine pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such clever trim-always!

Men who think they can't smoke a pipe or roll a cigarette can smoke and will smoke if they use Prince Albert. And smokers who have not yet given P. A. a tryout certainly have a big surprise and a lot of enjoyment coming their way as soon as they invest in a supply. Prince Albert tobacco will tell its own story!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE RECRUITING STATION OF THE FULULE DRUNKARD



YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND THE GRAND 4th of July Celebration, at So. Haven

Held Under the Direction of Neptune Lodge No. 297, I. O. O. F.

MORNING—Gigantic parade of 1500 Odd Fellows, 16 Odd Fellow lodges taking part in this pageant, hundreds of Automobiles and Business Floats, Zouaves, G. A. R., S. of V., Boy Scouts, Fife and Drum Corps and Bands galore. Ending before noon. Prizes for the best decorated Autos and Floats. AFTERNOON-Foot races, bicycle and motorcycle races, Girls races, pie-eating contests, cane rush. Obstacle race, Greased pole, fat man's race. Tug-of-war tournament between the visiting I. O. O. F. lodges-valuable prizes to winner of each event. A cup to the winning Tug-of-war team.

Fireworks In The Evening

Come celebrate in South Haven, the ideal amusement spot in Michigan. Enjoy the boat rides, take a plunge in Old Lake Michigan. Kest in our cool park or dance in our big Casino to Fischer's Exposition Orchestra.

Special Train Service on all Railroads Come and enjoy the day; you'll be well pleased.

Reached About Tom.

Wherever Harry Lauder goes Scotchmen, near Scotchmen and Scotchmen various degrees removed make an effort to see and shake hands with him. They usually introduce themselves by saying they once had an aunt who knew Lauder's fiancee's brother or the like. But now and then, as any one will, Lauder meets an old and forgotten crony of his boyhood.

In a western town once he was astonished to turn in his dressing room and behold Tom MacPherson, who had driven little blind mules with him in the Scotch mines and whom he hadn't seen for many a year.

"So," said Mac, "you're a big man now, Harry; famous, rich, great and a star. And glad I am to see you."

"And you. Tom?" asked Lauder. "Oh, I emigrated fifteen years ago. I'm still fussing around the mines," said MacPherson.

"Well, well!" Lauder mused. "Many things have happened since the old



"YOU'RE A BIG MAN NOW, HARRY."

days. You were always a smart lad, and I was always more or less of a dunce in the estimation of the other chaps. And here I am, and here you are." And he went no further because he didn't want to make his old friend

At the performance he saw MacPherson in a box and after the show was discussing it with the manager of the theater.

"'Tis a great tribute to the loyalty of old friendship," said Lauder. "Tonight there was a man who paid \$2.50 for a seat in a box because he knew me when I was a miner. And he's still a miner, and he couldn't afford it either, I venture. His name is Mac-Pherson, and"-

"Tom MacPherson?" interrupted the local showman.

"Yes," said Lauder. "He was always that sort of lad-willing to spend his last cent for"-

The manager was coughing into his handkerchief by now.

"Last cent!" he sputtered. "Tom MacPherson owns about \$30,000,000 worth of mines and is the richest man in this vicinity."

Lauder looked injured. For a full minute he stood dumb. "He always was a smart lad," he said.-Philadel-

Life's Battle.

We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer, to die. And yours is not the less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out into your daily battlefields.-Robert Louis Ste-

An Apology to Amanda.

This is to apologize to a colored lady whom we admire and respect. We printed a little anecdote about her not long ago, and in it we tried the impossible-attempted to imitate her inimitable Mississippi accent. Then we showed her the story. She wasn't as tickled to find herself in print as we expected her to be. While acknowledging the truth of the story, there was still a cloud on her ebony brow.

"What's the matter, Amanda?" we asked. "Didn't you want to get into

"Gittin' inter de papeh's all right," she hesitated, "but, mist', y'll didn't ought to put it down dat Ah talked dat away. Ah don' never use none o' dat Af'ican talk!"-Cleveland Plain

Explaining the Uproar.

"Nope, there wasn't anything out of the ordinary happened at my house the night you speak of," replied Mr. Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "That was the time we'd set to name the baby and invited in a passel of kinfolks to sorter help us achieve it. My wife's mother was sorter present and several of wife's brothers and sisters and their families and such like and about a dozen of my kin and some of the neighbors. All of 'em 'peared to have their preferences in the way of names and an earnest desire to stick to 'em. But there wasn't anything peculiar happened-nothing but what you'd nacherly expect to occur when a bunch of that size and sort rallied round to name a baby."-Judge.

Game to the Last.

Douglas MacDonald and his old crony, Donald MacDougal, were once opcosed to each other in a famous curling match, and the last two stones to finish the game were the two cronies. Donald MacDougal, with enormous deliberation, threw his stone. He threw it well. He made what is called a pat lid and jumped for joy. Then it was Douglas MacDonald's turn. His case seemed hopeless, but such a splendid throw did he make that the pat lid was knocked off, and his stone lay at the side of the tee, winning the game. In his joy the old fellow jumped sky high. He came down so hard that he broke right through the ice. He sank: but, bobbing up again, he shouted from the cold water:

"Hi, lads, we've won, and if I dinna come oot o' here alive be sure ye pit that stone on my grave!"-Exchange.

HE ALWAYS WAS SMART. Which costs most-The Conclusion That Harry Finally painting or waiting?



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